

Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE.
IRONTON, ILL. : MISSOURI.

THE POET'S WIFE.

She brings her pretty knitting (bless her!)
Or mystic threads, for making lace,
That by and by will serve to dress her
In new and charming grace.
She sits and rocks, her rocker chiming
In measured cadence, to my rhyming.
Sometimes with eye that proudly glances
I read a sonnet I have written,
She counts her stitches while she listens,
Or pulls a thread, to make it fit in—
And, with her gaze intent upon it,
Asks "what they say me for a sonnet?"

She little knows of rhyme or metre,
And cares still less, but asks me whether
Chiffon and roses would look sweeter
To trim her hair than jet and feathers.
And while I'm "framing odes to Cupid"
She tells me "Poetry is stupid!"

But oh, her eyes! Her silken lashes—
Her hair's sweet tresses—the dimples
In cheek and chin—the outward flashes
Of inward smiles—her tranquil smile,
Entrancing air! Did she but know it—
She is the reason I write a poet!

—Madeline S. Bridges, in Ladies' Home Journal.

The Broken Butterfly.

By James Noel Johnson.

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Old Ben Madden was one of the richest men on Bowie creek. He had not always been wealthy, however. Twenty years ago he was quite poor. He was a big, fine-looking young mountaineer then, always rode a good horse, and, in spite of his poverty, he was considered a great catch, even among the well-to-do girls. He was sober, industrious and thrifty.

One day he stopped at the house of old George Latimer to look at a yoke of steers the latter wished to sell. When he entered the door he was greeted by a young girl of about 16, who stood in the middle of the room, and blushing softly, bade him "take a seat."

"Pup is in the lot now," said the young girl, "but he'll come soon—he's out to the new ground field 'xins' some gaps in the fence."

Ben didn't care whether the old man came or not. The beauty of the young girl astonished him so that his mission was forgotten. It was strange he had never before known old George had a pretty daughter. He had within a mile of him, in passing he had often seen a beautiful child sitting on the fence or playing in the yard. But that was only a few days ago, seemingly. Now, here was the bud in full, luscious, odoriferous blossom!

He was always, before, instantly ready to start conversations with girls, whether acquainted with them or not, when chance brought them in his way. But now, for the first time, he felt a flush of embarrassment. The girl sat down, and occasionally timidly glanced at him, but ducked her head like a bird when her eyes met his.

It was a case of love at first sight. The young people had few words to exchange. Their hearts were too busy with the first delicious sensation of love. Time went on, and Ben became a weekly visitor at old George's log house.

One day the lovers were sitting on a rude bench out in the orchard. Birds sang love songs up among the waving foliage. Bees boomed in the clover, and butterflies dappled in the air with many fast-changing hues. Soft breezes wheeled slowly about them, half veiling with delicious odors. Like a rose overborne with dew, the head of the young girl rested on a leaning shoulder. A small hand, like a little brown bird, nestled in a big, strong palm. All the joys known before, all the blisses the future promised, seemed to gather and commingle in that sweet hour. The couple were speechless, awed into silence by what they heard, felt and saw.

Ere long a golden butterfly, on wabbling wing, zigzagged to their harbor. It flashed about their heads for a second or two, then hesitatingly rested on the twined hands of the lovers. Not knowing what he did, Ben fell his free hand and crushed the butterfly. Its frail wings fell in Flora's lap.

"Oh, poor thing!" she exclaimed, looking at Ben with eyes of soft rebuke.

"I didn't aim to do that," said Ben, remorsefully.

Then next day Ben Madden received an order from a Cincinnati factory for a half million staves. The price offered convinced him instantly that he could raise the requisite capital to begin filling the order, a small fortune awaited him within a few months. The money-making spirit seized him, and drove low into his rear. He rode here and there, trying to borrow the money, but failed.

But he wouldn't let that fortune go by, after knocking so loudly at his door. The widow of the late John Armstrong had \$2,000. He instantly wooed, won and wedded the "widder."

Flora, while yet a young girl, closed her empty heart against love forever. In the hot, blighting heat of everyday life her dawn-dream melted away. Handsome young men came a-wooing, but she laughed at their pleadings, and sent them away.

"Here is my heart, my love," she said one day to a young man who was tearful in his pleadings, and she showed him the wings of the dead butterfly.

At last Albert Osborne, a bachelor, thought to be wealthy, came to woo.

"Certainly I'll marry you," said Flora, almost before the question was raised.

"I had feared you didn't love me," said the happy man, seizing her cool hand.

"Did I say I loved you?" she asked, with a queer smile.

They married. After the birth of a daughter Osborne died, and then the widow learned that the estate of her late husband was in such wreck that only a pittance could be rescued. Her father soon died and left her the old "home place," where she lived alone with her little daughter thereafter. The child grew, and as she neared the line of womanhood she turned into the exact image of her mother at her age.

Ben Madden had long been a rich old "widower." Passing the house of

his erstwhile sweetheart one day he was startled at beholding a girl in the yard who was the living picture of one he had loved just 23 years before. The sight of her stirred the damp ashes in his old greedy heart, and lo! Some living coals were found!

The old man thought of the mortgage he held on the widow's farm, and he fairly hugged himself with joy.

The next day he called on the Widow Osborne.

"Flora," he said, as he seated himself and pushed back a layer of sweaty iron-gray hair from his forehead, "I passed by here yesterday and saw what looked like little Flora of 23 years ago in the yard. I had to give you up on account of poverty—'twas better for both, we afterwards learned—and now that I'm rich, I think I'll experiment with love again. I felt my old heart leap again as it did when I first saw you. I thought it dead—'twas only sleeping. Now you are getting up in years, and are poor, and I've come to tell you that if you will give me your daughter in marriage, your own lean board shall crack with plenty of the balance of your days. I'll take away the mortgage and put a new house in its place. The old lady shall have a comfortable room so that old widowers from afar will hear of her, and hasten to place their wives and kneel at her feet—oh? Flora? He-he-he!"

The widow's face caught flame, but he took it for the rose-hue of joy.

At first she was tempted to order him from the house, but prudence, endorsed by thought of the mortgage he held, restrained her righteous impulse.

"You should be ashamed!" she cried, almost choking with anger and humiliation.

"I see nothing to be ashamed of in the offer of a rich man to divide all with the needy."

"Ben," strangely spoke the widow after a long pause, "let me show you something." And she went into the

room and returned to the porch and showed below Ben's eyes the wings of a dead butterfly.

The old fellow at first smiled in a silly way; then he understood, and his face turned pale.

"Now come out and walk with me to the rear of the house!"

The old fellow, shamelessly followed. "Look," she said, "what do you see sitting on that bench yonder?"

Ben's eyes almost started from his head. On a bench, on the same spot, at the same season, where he and another had sat just 23 years ago, he beheld a tall, handsome young fellow, beside him a beautiful girl. In their love's sweet dream they were blissfully unconscious of the hard, practical world that beat on the highways near them. Soft breezes flowed about their bowed, happy heads, drenching them with nectarine odors. Birds above flashed in the sweet, lush foliage, and chattered about love. Butterflies befreckled the air with swift, changing hues. One great, fan-winged butterfly wobbled and zigzagged about them for a minute, then slowly dropped and rested for a moment on the warm clasped hands of the dreaming pair. It was not killed.

"Ben," said the woman, softly, "would you be cruel enough to crush that little paradise yonder? Behold my daughter; behold your son!"

The old fellow turned to the widow. He tried to laugh, but tears broke through his forced expression.

"Not for anything, Flora, would I interrupt that scene. I never knew before my son was coming here. I've kept my eye too much on the dollar to notice such things. Thank the Lord, he's got no poverty, as I had, to destroy, at the beginning, all that's best and sweetest in life."

He looked down at Flora, and was startled at the expression of her face. She seemed transformed in his eyes. A young face seemed to push through the shadows of 20 years and shine beautiful again.

"Flora," he spoke, taking her hand, "we are not so old yet. Come, I send another bench out yonder, under another apple tree!"

Quality Not Yet Appreciated.

We note that a correspondent says that eggs from Iowa and Illinois are better flavored and larger than from the other states. He also asserts that eggs that have been produced on corn hens that have to rustle for a living. We are afraid the man that so reports is permitting his fancy to create facts for him.

The farmer has not yet found out that the public appreciates an egg produced from good food more than an egg produced from any other kind of food. Indeed, we hope to see the time come when the distinction will be made, but it is not yet—Farmers' Review.

Traveling Public Enlightened.

The traveling public will be surprised to learn that many railroads are to abolish train newsboys, for the opinion was quite general, says the Chicago Record, that those nimble and smooth-tongued individuals owned the roads on which they ran.

Proving His Regret.

"Our baby seems to have a natural taste for the piano."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, he's gnawed half the polish off of one leg."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

PITH AND POINT.

There should be a limit even to the insolence of friendship.—Town Topics.

Good advice is like castor oil; easy to give, but hard to take.—Atchison Globe.

We well enough to be charitable, but you should be your debts first.—Chicago Daily News.

Way is it that misfortunes are almost invariably attributed to luck, but never successes?—Ally Sloper.

Professor—"What kind of iron business is your father in, Mr. Freshman?" Freshman—"Why—er, I think it's a metal-lic iron, sir."—Philadelphia Record.

Absurd—"Bridges, I want you to take the table cloth off the dining-room table after each meal." "Sure, ma'am, this 'O' only have the trouble of puttin' it on again!"—Detroit Free Press.

Bicks—"Have you heard about Edison's latest invention?" Wicks—"No, what is it?" Bicks—"A collar button with a little photograph inside that will call out when it rolls into a dark corner under the bed." "Here I am! Here I am!"—Somerville Journal.

"Yes," answered the bank official, "some queer folks do live in these parts. They do so. They was queer buff nat'rally, but some feller 'twas born here has up an' writ a character novel, an' ev'ry other man we meet's tryin' to set like the 'original' us the high." "Tis so, for a fact!"—Detroit Journal.

The Real Reason.—Mrs. Hauskeep—"Yes, my new girl formerly worked for Mrs. De Star. She claims she left there of her own accord, but I think she was discharged." Mrs. Kaul—"What makes you think so?" Mrs. Hauskeep—"I judge so from certain things she's let fall since she's been here." Mrs. Kaul—"What were they?" Mrs. Hauskeep—"Dishes."—Philadelphia Press.

WHITE MEN IN THE TROPICS.

They Are Unable to Stand the Heat as Well as Natives of the Warmer Climates.

Truxton Beale holds that the evil effects of hot climates on the white man are being overcome by science. Heretofore he has had to labor hard, and thus reduce his vitality, but now the rapidly increasing labor-saving machinery is saving him much muscular labor and shortening his hours of work.

Truxton Beale, a man of science and industry, and an all-arounder, has been greatly improved, and proper ventilation and artificial ice have come to lessen the detrimental influences of the climate. Mr. Beale cites the many cases of the Chinese adapting themselves to all climates, says the New York Herald.

The Philadelphia Medical Journal, not falling into line with this argument, says: "No mechanical device, however perfect, for performing labor is likely to be devised that will operate without human guidance, and if such machinery is operated by steam, gas or electricity additional heat must be generated somewhere. It is as much the direct rays of the sun as the work that kills by sunstroke; this is evident from the large number of fatalities which are affected during any unusually hot days in summer in our large cities."

"It is improbable that the poor will ever be able to profit much by artificial ice or cooling apparatus, and even if they could afford it this would necessitate some one to work in intense heat to manage the power needed to run such a plant."

"The Chinese coolie can hardly be compared with the white workingman. In the first place, he is not a white man, and, furthermore, centuries of life like pack horses have given these men many of the characteristics of beasts. Then, again, the heat and moisture of the tropics are most favorable to germ life, and unless some means is discovered (which is very unlikely) that will destroy bacterial life without injuring other forms of life, the problem of combating disease in the tropics will always be a difficult one. No doubt conditions in the tropics will be improved so that the more prosperous classes can live with a fair degree of safety and comfort, but it seems very improbable that the working class and the masses of the great masses of the population will ever be made of anything but native."

France's Declining Population.

The real explanation for the declining French population, as shown by the census of 1906, is to be found in the provisions of the Code Napoleon. It is not immorality, but really the stipulation of the code that all children must have equal shares whenever their parents' property is divided. There was a time when the French were given to large families, and the French-Canadians, who preserve in America the language and customs of the France of Louis XIV., still consider 16 as a normal family. But in France parents are regarded as little less than cruel who have more children than can live comfortably upon the divided parental estate. In the excess of its population Germany has the equivalent of more than a million fighting men, although the emigration of the Germans is six times that of the French. If the present conditions continue Germany will before many years elapse have a preponderance of fully 2,000,000 of fighting men.—London Chronicle.

Her Choice.

"She walked into the store with an expression of disgust on her face, her nose tipped to an angle that supposed the immediate presence of a glass of Croton water, and a blasé I-wish-I-were-dead-insouciance."

"She turned over some handkerchiefs, sampled some neckties, glanced at some silks, scrutinized some gloves, picked up an umbrella or two, and finally arrived at the hat department. There she sat down wearily and asked to be shown a stylish chapeau."

"Yes—yes!" exclaimed his listeners. "Go on!—go on!"

"Oh, nothing," continued the salesman, "except that she bought the first one I brought out."

Then the assembled crowd began to tell up to date fishing anecdotes.—N. Y. Herald.

He'd Go for Once.

She—Papa says if I can get you to promise to go to church he won't oppose our marriage at all.

He—Good! Tell the old gentleman it doesn't matter to me whether it's a home wedding or a church affair.—Philadelphia Press.



THE NERVOUS HORSE.

Give Him a Chance to Examine Things That Frighten Him and He Will Become Reliable.

The most nervous horses are those finely bred, highly organized and often the most intelligent, says Dr. J. C. Curver, in the Practical Farmer. They are on the alert for everything, quick to take alarm and in moments of sudden terror act so quickly in what seems to them necessary to prevent bodily harm that they are really dangerous animals under the circumstances by shying, bolting and running away from an imaginary enemy, all of which might be obviated by a proper early education. The horse, like ourselves, must learn everything, and the more highly organized he is the more ready he will learn, through the agency of man, what he is to be frightened at and what will do him harm. How can we tell what awful suggestions, strange objects offer to the minds of horses? A baby carriage may appear to the

horse a veritable dragon, a sheet of white paper in the road an awful chasm, an open umbrella a terrible boggy, a man on a bicycle coming toward him some dying devil from which he must die for his life, and when we stop and think of the matter seriously we cannot blame the horse for what he does not understand.

But how different the action of the horse when he understands what all these things are. When he has had an opportunity to calmly and carefully examine them and every other new thing he becomes perfectly indifferent to them all. Therefore when the horse shies at anything is the time and place to make him acquainted with that object without punishment, but by encouraging words, and if necessary go to the object of fright in advance of him and show him that it is nothing to be afraid of. Let him examine it with his nose, look at it from both sides repeatedly, and the job is done for all time. But try to force him past it with the whip, and he will become more and more afraid of it, as he associates the frightful object with that of the punishment, and the more sensitive he becomes.

The more dangerous he becomes. While we should be firm with our horses, we must at the same time let them know that we are their friends, protectors, providers and educators. Everything the horse does for us is a matter of education. Then is not the plain duty of everyone who handles horses to understand this matter to its fullest extent? Whatever the horse understands he is willing to perform. Then let us take great pains to educate our horses in the line of work we desire them to do, and then there will be but little complaint in relation to their bad habits, their unreliability or treachery.

A PLAIN PROPOSITION.

Quality and Not Numbers Is What Gives Character and Reputation to a Dairy Herd.

It is not the number of cows in your herd that gives it character or makes its reputation, but the quality of the cows. Some of the best known and most successful breeders in America have always had comparatively small herds, not exceeding 50 cows all told. But the cows have been of the very best, to begin with, and were bred with wisdom and fed liberally but judiciously.

No one can succeed in building up a great herd who breeds at haphazard, without system, and no one can develop great cows who feeds higgledy, disorganizes breeding and liberality in feeding go hand in hand where success is won. Better 20 first-class cows than 100 inferior cows. This is a fact that beginners should bear in mind in buying. Better pay \$500 for what you want than \$100 for what you don't want. Better sell two, three or even four moderately good cows and buy one first-class cow. The proceeds if you wish to win rank as breeder and establish a reputation that will enable you to command your own prices for what you offer for sale.

There are a few herds in America where there are never any females for sale, and rarely any males. The increase of the herd are always engaged before they are dropped. The reputation of these herds keeps them from growing.—Jersey Bulletin.

Changing the Cow Pasture.

A correspondent of the Wisconsin Agriculturist says that three or four times the past season he has changed his cows from the home pasture to another about a mile away. He thinks the latter pasture has the best grass and certainly the most feed, and it is equally well shaded and watered as the other, yet in two or three days after they are put there he finds a very marked shrinkage in the milk product, and he cannot account for it excepting that it is caused by the travel to and from the pasture morning and night. He believes that cows will voluntarily take but very little exercise, in which opinion he differs from those who fear they will suffer if they are not turned out every day in the winter. We believe that one-half if not more of those who advocate this idea of the need of exercise do so because they do not want to exercise themselves by cleaning out the stables after the cattle have stood in them.

TALK ABOUT MILKING.

Many Promising Cows Are Ruined Yearly Through Fear Caused by Improper Treatment.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," is as true of practical every day duties as of lessons in morality, etc. A duty often neglected by many farmers is that of properly training the boys to milk. This includes something more than the simple operation of drawing the lactical fluid, although it is an art, and probably not more than one in ten persons are experts; that is, thoroughly understand the art and practice it in a scientific manner. The child in training should be old enough to understand the responsibility, should be neat as possible as to clothing and especially as regards the hands. A few lessons on this point of personal cleanliness will instill right ideas, especially if demonstrated in the habits of the teacher. Theory and practice ought to go hand in hand here.

Next in importance he should be taught to properly care for the cow; should see that the udder is free from all dirt and if soiled to remove by bathing in tepid water and wiping dry before beginning the operation of milking. If the udder be clean apparently it should be well brushed to remove loosened hair, scurf, etc. The temper or temperament of the cow submitted to his hands should be understood also. If of a nervous disposition he should be taught to soothe and conciliate, when she is taken with one of her "moods," instead of trying to coerce with blows, always remembering that it is only the simple justice and mercy which a higher organism should show toward a lower, to so—besides, being a matter of profit and loss. A cow will not do her best under coercion. She may be made to behave better, but that is as far as your authority can go. Nature will outwit every time, and the proper flow will be withheld until she gets into better humor.

Many cows are yearly ruined through fear caused by improper treatment. Do not send your boy to take his first lessons in milking of the hired man, unless you know him to be well trained in all preliminaries; ten to one he will march direct from the stables of a morning with clothing full of indescribable suggestions, and as a necessary preliminary fill his mouth with tobacco before beginning operations. If possible the girls should also receive instructions from one competent to give them. The best milker we ever knew was a woman; it was a positive pleasure to witness her performance. The rhythmic down as the hands rose and fell was enjoyable as music, while all the movements were graceful. Farmers—for to this class the world looks for its supply of milkmen—are to be taught the next generation of milkmen to take great pains to educate our horses in the line of work we desire them to do, and then there will be but little complaint in relation to their bad habits, their unreliability or treachery.

COMFORT FOR CALVES.

A Dry Pen Is Almost a Necessity and Can Be Had at All Times at Small Expense.

The greatest drawback to the health and comfort of a calf in the average calf pen is the constant wetting of the bedding, which necessitates constant changing, or a filthy sleeping place is the result. An excellent plan is shown in the cut. Lay an inch coating of cement over the floor, making it thicker on one side than on the other, to secure a gradual slope. Then lay planks lengthwise of the slope, leaving an inch of space between them. The urine will thus be drained off, with practically no wetting of the litter. A coating of cement can be laid over flooring as well as upon an earth floor.—N. Y. Tribune.

What Makes a Good Farmer.

The best farmer is not always the one who derives the most profit from a farm. Happening to grow certain crops that failed elsewhere, or a chance rise in the price of some product, may result favorably to anyone who is so situated as to take advantage of opportunities. A good farmer keeps his head, and grows in perfect order. He uses the best breeds of animals and the most productive varieties of plants while the farm is not allowed to depreciate in fertility. Dr. Alfred Kennedy, the eminent agriculturist, once made the remark that he could easily judge of the knowledge and capacity of any farmer the moment he noticed how the manure heap was managed.

Selection of Dairy Feeds.

A dairyman can add much to the profit of his business by judicious selection of his feeds, and also by taking advantage of varying conditions of the markets. Locality frequently gives to a feed a price beyond its actual feeding value. This is particularly true of timothy hay and oats and yet many dairymen will stick to these two feeds with a perseverance worthy of a better cause, because they were grown on the farm. It would be much better business to let the city man have them at the frequently advanced price and use the money to buy cheaper nutrients in some other form. This is where a little use of pencil, paper and a table of feeding analyses will bring valuable information.—Farmers' Voice.

The Profitable Dairy Cow.

The cow which yields a generous return for the food consumed is the one for profit and the one that it will pay to feed generously, and the cow which will profitably convert the largest amount of food into milk or butter is the most profitable to keep. But such cows must have the raw material out of which to manufacture milk. It takes a certain amount of the food consumed to maintain the life of the cow and it is the surplus over and above this from which a profit is possible.—Rural World.

BRYAN'S DEPARTURE.

Late Presidential Candidate Now a Private Citizen.

Unanimously by Defeat.

In Parting, Lands Democratic Principles and Denounces Policies of the Republicans—Mission of Democracy.

The Jackson day banquet of the Bryan League of Chicago was an affair highly edifying and enjoyable to over 500 leading democrats of that city. Elaborate preparations were made at the Sherman house for the reception of the late candidate for the presidency, and upon his arrival he was greeted with a tremendous ovation. Mayor Harrison was toastmaster, and in introducing Mr. Bryan he said:

"We meet on Jackson's day because it is the proper day on which to empty a bumper in memory of our party's founder, Thomas Jefferson, to pledge a renewal of our faith in the wisdom and the patriotism of our patron saint, Andrew Jackson, to grasp by the hand in token of our affection and esteem the gallant leader who, without a word of reproach, without an excuse to friend or foe, has borne the party standard in the last two national campaigns."

"Our party lives as strong to-day, as unbowed in rank and alignment, as unwavering in purpose, as devoted to the cause of free institutions as in the days when it had just received the indorsement of a majority of the citizens of the nation. Democracy represents the government as established by the fathers. The time has come when there is no further purpose for the party to serve, the time is here when the form of government outlined by the declaration of independence and formulated by the constitution has outlived its usefulness."

"Shame be it to American manhood that the confession must be made, but there are those to-day, who have in their devotion to the old principles of government, for six generations the American youth was taught to believe in the rightness of the ideal set down in the declaration of independence, in the exact justice of the theories outlined in the constitution of the United States, and yet the attorney general of the United States declared, without a blush, with all the solemnity of a Supreme Court justice, that if the constitution had become a barrier to the expansion of the republic, as the systems of Europe expand, we will tear it to shreds as we would worn-out tatters."

"In all the history of our land there was never a greater crisis in the people's party than there is to-day. The republican party is in control of all the branches of the federal government. Its Supreme Court is the guardian of the constitution. It is in turn controlled by the most corrupting forces that have ever entered the national arena. Great measures introduced in the upper and lower houses of congress bear upon them all the earmarks of a corrupt bargain. The purpose they may be introduced, scratch beneath the surface and you will find the true cause—greed and avarice. The greed and avarice that are to-day preying upon the great mass of our citizenship. Whether it be tacit or subtle, in either case it is proposed to stir rich men into the ranks of those already gorged with wealth, to exact tribute from those grinding under too heavy a burden of taxation."

"The purest-hearted and the wisest-minded in the ranks of the republican party are protesting with voice and pen, and protesting to all unheeded; the most influential of the republican newspaper editors, their position, their influence, their campaign duties are to be cut and the mouths of the leaders who hold the keys are watering in advance. It is a far cry from the government of a Hanna to the government of a Jackson or a Madison."

"What nobler purpose could we demonstrate in this dawn of the twentieth century than that of holding to a continuing belief in the justice and the righteousness of the theories of government upon which this nation was founded, we reiterate our party and its untiring efforts to the reiteration of the principles enunciated by our fathers in independence half a century and a quarter ago, and to a reaffirmation of the constitution of the United States, reorganization and a reaffirmation which shall not be made worse, but which shall finally restore those ideas in the executive chamber and in the council halls of our nation."

Mr. Bryan's Speech.

When Mr. Bryan was presented every man in the hall jumped to his feet, waved his napkin aloft and yelled till he was red in the face. As soon as ordered he restored the famous Nebraskaan said:

"This is the fifth consecutive Jackson day banquet which I have celebrated with this club, and I appreciate the honor and the pleasure of being invited to bring my name to the club, and am grateful for the support which they have given me in my campaigns. I take this opportunity, however, to express the hope that this club and others which have borne my name will substitute for my name the name of the democratic saint or a name descriptive of principles rather than men."

"I am now a private citizen, with excellent prospects of remaining such. I intend to continue actively in the discussion of public questions, and do not desire to be embarrassed by being placed in the attitude of a candidate for any office. In selecting journalism as the best of all businesses, I am aware that I am giving more aid to others than to myself. But I am not content with this, because I am more interested in the promulgation of democratic principles than I am in enjoying any honors which my countrymen can bestow."

Still Full of Fight.

"The democratic party was never in better fighting condition than it is to-day. And I feel that in the course of the year I have many years in which to participate in the unending struggle between right and the wrong, between the good and the evil, between the well-doing and the positive policies, and is prepared to wage an aggressive warfare against the plutocratic tendencies of the republican party, for the republican party to-day is reproducing the evils against which Jefferson contended, century after century, and against which Jackson fought 30 years later."

"It is not necessary to discuss the subject of reorganization further than to say that reorganization is an internal remedy and that it cannot be applied externally. A person must be inside of the party before he can participate in the party management. Some seem to think that they can be outside for voting purposes and inside for purposes of reorganization. If a man allows his wife to procure a divorce from him, the ground is laid for a support, desertion or infidelity. Must remain here before the public will pay any attention to his expressions of solicitude for her welfare, and for those who have lost their party standing because of their desertion of the party candidates and unfaithfulness to democratic doctrines, as defined by legitimate authority, must reunite with the party before any attention will be paid to their pretenses of interest."

Rights of Party Management.

"Those who are within the party lines have a right to a voice in the making of the platform, and are entitled to make such change in the organization or machinery of the party as they please, but honesty and good faith require that any desired change shall be openly proposed and fairly presented. Party organizations are not for party governments, but for the government of the people. Party platforms are of no value unless they reflect the purpose of and the policy desired by a majority of those who belong to the party. Those who are really devoted to democratic principles will neither practice deception themselves or permit others to practice

deception in writing a platform or in securing control of the party machinery. I hope that in this and other similar party may be able to avoid these fierce factional contentions which sometimes distract the attention from party principles and waste in personal fights the energy that should be directed against the common enemy."

Unanimously by Defeat.

"The defeat which the party recently suffered ought not to discourage anyone who believes in the principles set forth in the Kansas City platform, for if those principles were right when the platform was written and when they were indorsed by nearly 500,000 of voters, they are right still. The democratic party has never been defeated before, but defeat has neither destroyed its hope nor its tenets. In 1872 the defeat was overwhelming and yet we won in 1876. In 1880 we thought that the people would rebuke the counting out of Tilden four years before, but we were doomed to disappointment."

"We won in 1884 and lost in 1888. We won in 1892 and lost in 1896 and 1904. If anyone is inclined to attribute recent defeats to the platforms adopted or to the organizations in charge of the fight, he must remember that the defeat of 1884 came at the close of an administration entirely satisfactory to those who are most anxious to reorganize the party and that the defeat of 1894, which occurred under a similar administration, was more disastrous than any that has taken place since."

"No one can foresee the conditions which our party must meet, but we can face the future with confidence and apply democratic principles to every emergency and to make the party a faithful exponent of the principles which we believe in equal rights to all and special privileges to none."

Future of Financial Question.

"Whether the money question will agitate prominently in future campaigns will depend upon circumstances which no one can